

SEVENTEEN

SPECIAL LONG-WINDED HALLOWEEN EDITION

If you are reading this, I am dead.

At 9:30 this morning I ingested a slow-acting but fatal mixture of ammonia, rat poison, and peanut butter. You can probably see my awkward and uncoordinated gait—that's the poison destroying my central nervous system.

At 2:00 PM, when I have finished distributing this newsletter, I will go to the Norlin Library and crawl to the back of the stacks. There I will fall on my face beneath the black history section, convulse, and die.

This isn't one of those eleven-year-old-girl suicide attempts where I secretly hope to wake up in a hospital bed with a tummy ache and a weeping, repenting mother at my side. I know that no one will miss me.

My mom won't care because she replaced me years ago with a cat named Thelma. But that's okay, because I replaced her with Ron Stump.

My dad will pay for me to be cremated with \$300 from my college fund, and with the remaining \$8,000 he will go on a Disney cruise with his girlfriend.

My brother Ethan will feel a pang of guilt at having set a bad example for me when I was in middle school by writing a play called "Slavery: The Musical."

After I'm dead, I don't want my family to go around whining, "But why did he do it? We had no idea!" They won't be able to pretend they didn't see it coming, because I'm not going to leave a typical, vague, poorly-thought-out suicide note.

I'm going to be very specific.

When I was seven, my dad pulled my pants down and spanked me in front of his friends, as a joke. It wasn't funny.

When I was eight, my mom took away my cowboy gun because I pointed it at her. This taught me to repress my anger towards her, which seriously backfired later on.

When I was nine, my brother gave me some of his condoms so I could practice putting them on. They looked unimpressive and droopy.

Then my parents got divorced, which taught me that everything is a lie.

Then my mom married a woman, which threatened my masculinity.

After that, my dad told me about masturbation, which led to the destruction of my academic career and my subsequent enrollment at CU.

And although I know that my childhood played a big role in making me want to kill myself, CU was the gummy bears on the sundae.

As if the humiliation of going to a second-rate school weren't enough, I'm having the worst year of my entire life.

My depression has reached the point where I can no longer hide it. Two weeks ago, in my anthropology lab, our assignment was to identify twenty primate bones—the exact same twenty bones we'd identified the week before. As soon as I realized it was the same assignment, my heart started pounding and my skin got hot and sweaty.

I said to my lab-partners, "Hey, do you guys want to commit suicide with me after we finish identifying these bones?" They laughed and said yes. My teacher pretended not to hear.

On Tuesday I walked into my poetry class one minute late. My teacher stopped what she was doing and said, "Max, why are you always late?"

I said, "Because I'm an asshole."

Every time my alarm goes off in the morning, it feels like someone is squirting Cholula sauce into my soul's urethra with an eyedropper.

And let's not forget my finals from last semester, which I still haven't taken because I was barred from campus during finals week. I don't think I'm going to do so hot, either—right now I know about as much Spanish as Speedy Gonzales.

I fantasize about dropping out every single day. But then I think of all the sad adults who have told me that college was the best time of their lives, with a twinkle of nostalgia in their sunken, bloodshot eyes.

So I started thinking, why should I only drop out of school when I can drop out of life?

My roommate Stephanie told me to go to therapy. I responded with, "Why don't *you* go to therapy, you bitch?" Then I started laughing hysterically.

She tried again. "I think you'd be a lot happier if you talked to someone."

By then I was laughing so hard tears were streaming down my face. "What are you talking about? Look how happy I am!"

"Max, I'm serious." I was suddenly angry.

"Why can't I talk to you? Isn't that what friends are for? Or do you not give a shit anymore?"

"Max, you don't even try to talk to me!"

"Because I don't want to talk!" I was screaming by now. "If I wanted to learn to cope with my crappy life, I'd go to therapy or take anti-depressants. But I don't want to cope. I don't think someone in my situation should be happy. I don't want to be satisfied like all those other brainwashed idiots!"

And that's the last reason I'm committing suicide: I want to shake the spineless whitebread losers out of their complacency. I want to inspire

them to rise up against their tormentors. But I don't want to do it like Gandhi—Gandhi was a pussy. I want to be a badass like Malcolm X. He knew he was going to get killed.

Actually, I've always hoped that someone would assassinate me, but it doesn't seem like anyone's going to bother. So I'm assassinating myself.

It's a strange feeling knowing that you're going to be dead in three hours. I can already feel the poison eating away at my brain. It hurts, but in a relaxing way, like a deep massage.

When I was a kid, I was terrified of death. I'd get so scared that I'd scream for my mom in the middle of the night. She would come to my room and climb the ladder to my loft in her nightgown and listen while I cried and told her how I wished I could live forever.

Then she would hug me and say, "Oh, honey, you're not going to die for a long, long time. You've only been alive for eight years! Doesn't that seem like forever?"

"No," I'd say. Then she would hug me again and tell me not to worry about it, and I'd

fall asleep after she left.

But sometimes, even though I always clearly enunciated the word "Mom," my dad would come. He'd stand in the doorway below me in his pajamas, and I'd lean over the loft railing and say, "Dad, I don't want to die."

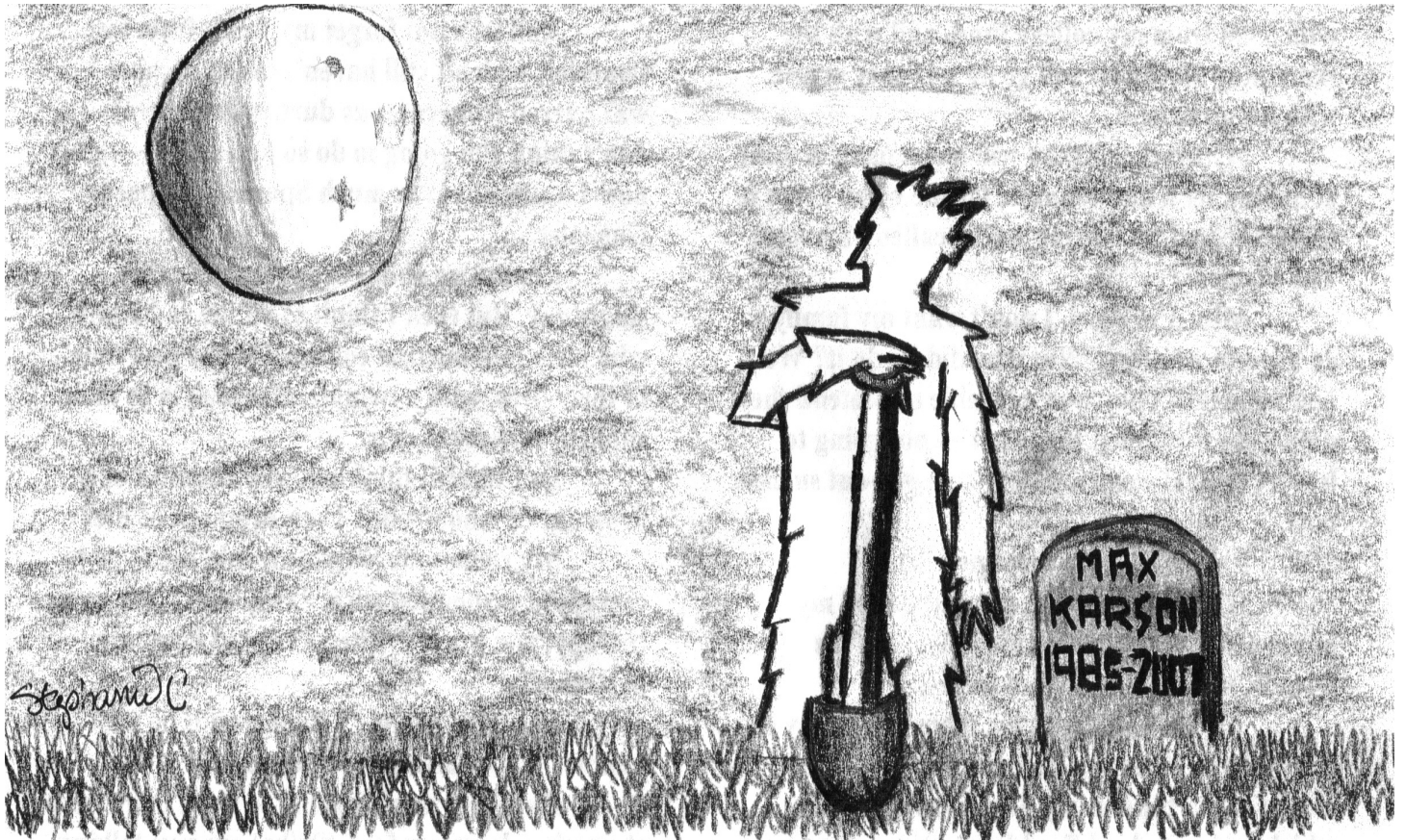
And he'd always say the same thing: "Think about clouds."

I wish my parents had just told me that I was going to go to heaven and be with Jesus so I could be happy like the rest of you retards.

Then I wouldn't bolt upright at three in the morning, hyperventilating and obsessing over all the precious time I've wasted identifying monkey bones. Twice.

My time wouldn't be precious at all. I would play beer pong and go skiing and get blowjobs from drunk girls, and I wouldn't be constantly wondering when I'm going to blip out of existence forever. I would be one of the guys!

But I'm not one of the guys. I'm an atheist with a stomach full of peanut butter and rat poison. And if you'll excuse me, I have a newsletter to distribute.



THREE IMPORTANT THINGS TO THINK ABOUT:

- 1. Stephanie and I were supposed to pick my mom up from the airport on Sunday, but I guess I won't be coming. They're gonna have such an awkward week.*
- 2. Are there any wide-hipped ladies who want to meet me in the library for a quickie? I need to pass on my genes.*
- 3. I can't wait to get my therapy license.*

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